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## THE AMERICAN PIE.



ACCORDING to the National German-American Alliance pie and ice water are worse than beer and pretzels. Theodore Sutro said this to the House Committee on Judiciary in opposing the sixteen bills which would prohibit the shipment of intoxicating liquors into a prohibition State.

One of these bills was introduced by a Congressman from Maine, where there are no lawful saloons, but where the express companies do an enormous business. Similar appeals have come from Georgia, South Carolina and other Southern States to prohibit Richmond, Baltimore and Chattanooga distillers and brewers from making express shipments into prohibited territory.

Mr. Sutro accused the Congressmen of being hypocrites, and said that in the Capitol restaurant they would call for a cup of tea and simultaneously wink the left eye, thereby getting something that looked like tea but tasted like the contents of the express packages they sought to prohibit.

In his attack on pie, especially in his linking ice water with mince pie, Mr. Sutro displays an ignorance of the subject. A visit to any five cent lunch counter would inform him that the accompaniment of most pies is not ice water but milk, and that mince pie is away down in the list of popularity, apple, lemon, custard, huckleberry and pumpkin being all better sellers.

As usually eaten, with a piece of cheese and a glass of milk, pie makes a complete food. The sugar and flour of the pie dough afford carbohydrates and starch. Eggs furnish a high protein ingredient. The fruit or vegetables add bulk and flavor. The cheese takes the place of meat and the milk is a well known bone builder.



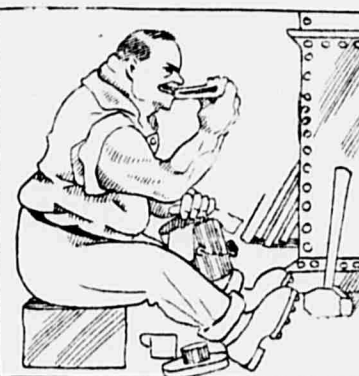
With all respect to Mr. Sutro's ancestry, the ordinary American pie has no counterpart in the German apple cake or the English tart. The pie of the American lunch counter is known nowhere else. No European people makes it, no other race eats it.

One place where pie is not found is the free lunch counter. Some saloons have put in a crate of pies which they sell, but their experience has been that the pie eaters ask for milk instead of beer, and that instead of the pie and the cocktail being friends they are foes. No man drinks cocktails to get up an appetite for pie. Neither does he eat pie as a preliminary to a cocktail.

What Mr. Sutro should wage war on is the factory made pie. There is as much difference between the home made pie turned out of the kitchen stove and the factory pie as between beer brewed in a brewery's vaults and the contents of the mug in a stale beer dive.

The home made pie can be eaten at any time or any meal. Taken for breakfast it gives a good foundation for the work of the day. At noon it is a substantial and filling recuperative. At night it provides the inspiration of pleasant dreams.

More men have become dyspeptics by worrying over what they ate than by eating what they wanted. Ice water with meals is bad, but the pie habit does not induce the ice water habit. Far worse than pie eating or beer is the hypocrisy of Congressmen to which Mr. Sutro referred in introducing prohibition bills and then going to a committee room for a drink of "cold tea."



## Letters from the People.

**The Short Skirt Fad.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
All girls! Where are the staid matrons and kindly old ladies? Wives and grandmothers alike are "sweet sixteen" nowadays, and all because of the much abbreviated walking skirt which is at present the rage. A decade or two ago I had measure in taking my wife for an outing. Now things are different, every one thinks it is a young girl I mean. Can't we do a little better? I would like to see the matron who wears something to rival the young girl's skirt. Take hats with ribbon strings and rosettes at the ears?  
L. HILKEY.

**In The World Almanac.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where can I learn the dates of each new moon in 1908 and the number of moons each year?  
H. K.

**Household Economy.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
"Perplexed" spending \$40 per month on household, spends as much in one month as we do in two. Nearly all housekeepers buy wrong, buying in small lots and paying more than the woman who buys large quantities. Potatoes last fall were \$2.50 per barrel, buying them by the basket was most even wiser, they cost all the way from \$1 to \$2 per barrel. Bacon, sliced, is 20 cents per pound. By the "side" 12 cents. A large, healthy family will use two or three loaves of bread per day, to say nothing of cakes, pies, etc. Home-baked bread lasts longer, tastes better and is healthier. We buy flour by the barrel.  
Canned goods are costly. Dried fruits

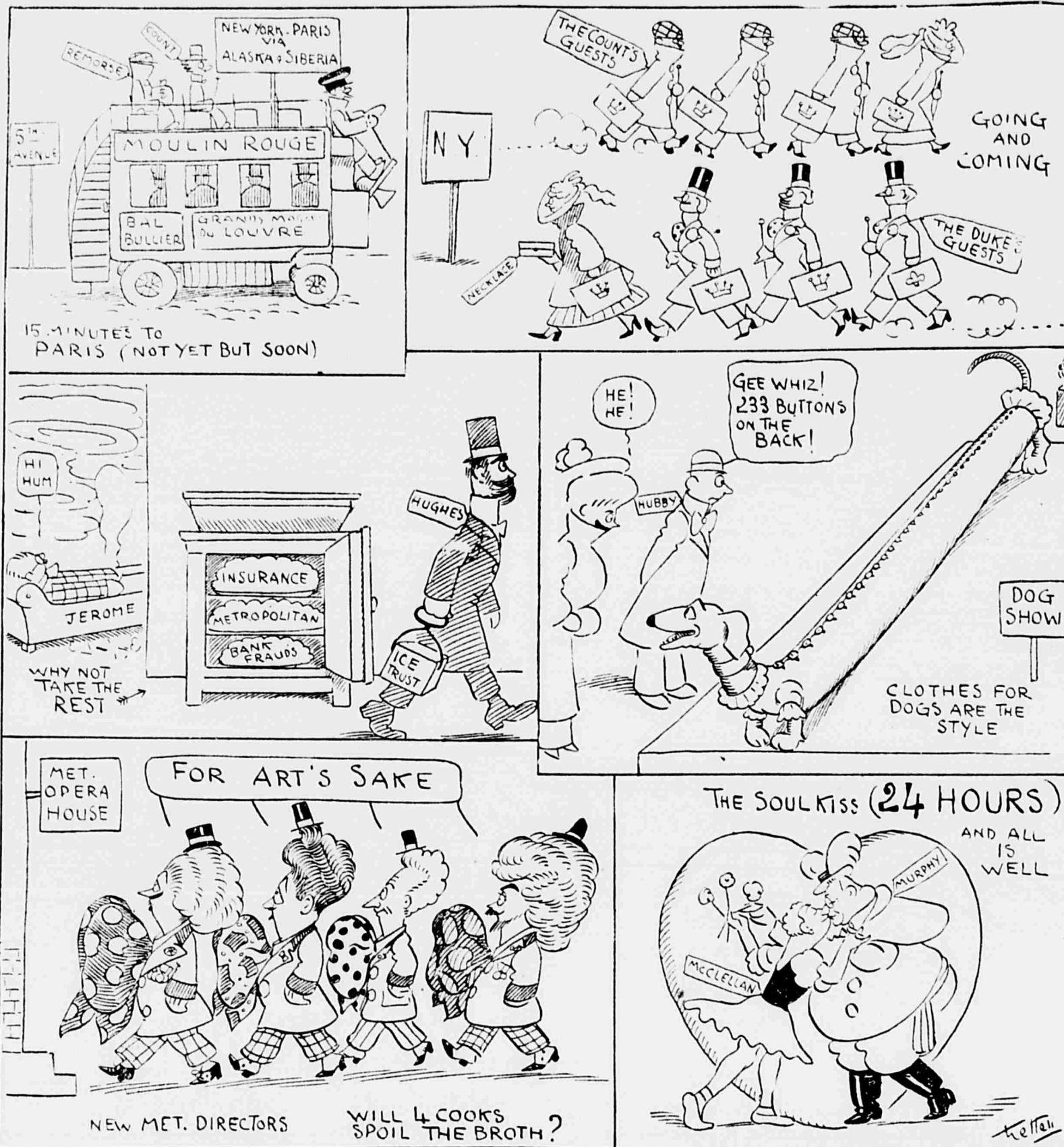
can be cooked so that they taste as good as canned. Meats are costly. Potatoes make a good dinner and can be sliced for supper. New England boiled dinners are cheap. We save in meats alone enough each month to pay our coal and gas bills.  
C. COLLIER.

**Length of Pole.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In reply to the problem asking for the length of the pole of which one quarter stood in the mud, something in the water and ten feet above the surface. I submit my solution as follows: One-third plus 1-4 were hidden beneath the surface, which is 7-12. Thus 5-12 remained above the surface. Ten feet were equal to the 5-12 of the length of the pole. 12-12 equals 24 feet, which is the entire length of the pole.  
CORNTH.

**High School Studies.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In reply to the father to whom the last two years of the high school course in this city appear to be too hard. The passing mark in studies is 60 out of 100 points. Any boy or girl with average ability should get this without over-study. Three hours' study in the evening is usually ample time to prepare lessons for the following day. The entire afternoon can be given over to physical exercise. In the high schools there are gymnasiums where classes exercise. As to examinations, pupils are always notified several days in advance, while the teachers review rapidly the work gone over during the term.  
HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL.

## Wireless Thoughts.

By Maurice Ketten.



## Mr. Jarr Thinks That Now He Knows Why Men Leave Home; He Tried in Vain to Enjoy the Comforts of His Yesterday.

By Roy L. McCardell.



ROY L. MCCARDELL

"Well, then, it's decided we will not go to any holiday matinee," said Mr. Jarr. "I'm glad of it. I think I'll just lay around the house and rest up." "Yes, the only time you do spend in the house is resting up so you can be fresh enough to go out again and stay till all hours," said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "Anything you'd like me to do for you?" asked Mr. Jarr, ignoring this last remark.

"Not a thing," said Mrs. Jarr. "All I ask is you get out of my way. One would think, to hear you talk, that you did all the chamberwork, the washing, ironing and mending and looked after cooking and children in your spare time." "Oh, all right, don't get grumpy. I'll lay on the sofa and read the paper," said Mr. Jarr complacently.

"Now you take your feet right down off that sofa," said Mrs. Jarr. "If you want to put your feet up and soil the upholstery please put on your slippers." Mr. Jarr took down his feet, and as he did so Mrs. Jarr made a rush at him and pulled the cushion from under his head.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "Mussing up my silk cushion and crushing and creasing it, when it cost me \$6!"

Mr. Jarr grumbled a little to himself, and finally got up and sat in the Morris chair.

"Please don't lean back too hard in that chair!" cried Mrs. Jarr, testily. "Little Willy got the brass rod all bent and I'm afraid it will break. Now don't go lighting your pipe and getting ashes all over everything; I've just swept the room!"

Mr. Jarr got up and moved uneasily toward the door.

"Keep out of those other rooms," said Mrs. Jarr. "The girl has taken up the rugs and is oiling the floors."

Mr. Jarr looked around helplessly, and Mrs. Jarr, noticing it, exclaimed shrilly, "Oh, go on out if you want to! I can see you are just wild to get out and leave me all alone! Instead of being comfortable in the house, or instead of taking me to a matinee on a holiday, you want to run out! Well, go! Get out, you are in my road anyway!"

So Mr. Jarr took his hat and coat and slipped out, muttering to himself, "Who was it that asked 'Why Men Leave Home?'"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Jarr, who took the remark seriously, "and that's

why the Hicketts get so mad if they are given tickets to odd shows, and to hear them talk about the good ones is very discouraging to those who pay for seats."

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## The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

## NO. 30. WAGNER'S "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."

**A** BARK was speeding, with all sail set, from Ireland to Cornwall. Under an awning on the deck reposed a beautiful, regal woman—Isolde, Princess of Ireland, on her way to marry Mark, the Cornish King. Isolde's fair brow was clouded. Ever she cast dark glances at a tall figure standing by the tiller. The object of her black looks was the Knight Tristan, sent by Mark to conduct her to Cornwall. In earlier days, Tristan had slain in battle Isolde's kinsman, the Irish Knight Morold. He himself had been sore wounded in the fight. Isolde, ignorant at first of his identity, had nursed him back to health. They had fallen in love with each other, and when peace between Ireland and Cornwall was formally declared there seemed no further bar to their union. But then it was that Tristan had come, not to plead his own suit, but to escort Isolde to Cornwall as King Mark's bride. Isolde's unconfessed love turned to a flame of hatred.



She now despatched her handmaid, Brangane, to Tristan, commanding him to come at once to her. He obeyed reluctantly, for he was loyal to his king and feared to be in the company of the fair Irish girl. As he approached Isolde bade Brangane to prepare a draught of deadly poison. The frightened handmaid instead mixed a powerful love potion in the cup and handed it to her royal mistress.

Isolde reproached Tristan fiercely for Morold's death and for his own part in bringing her to Cornwall. Then, feigning pardon, she offered him the cup. Though suspecting it held death, Tristan despairingly seized the goblet and drank. When it was but half emptied Isolde wrenched it from him and herself drained the rest of the contents. The two gazed at each other long and wonderingly. Then, with a cry of rapture, they embraced. The magic potion had done its work! Against their will they loved with an adoration that no mortal power could check. Kurwenal, the Knight's faithful henchman, rushed up to his master with news that the Cornish coast was in sight. King Mark on the sea-shore awaited the bride, who was so strangely bound by magic ties of love to another.

Mark and his court were absent on a hunting trip. Isolde, waiting in her palace garden, sent for Tristan, that he and she might meet once more away from the prying eyes of the courtiers. Brangane vainly tried to dissuade her mistress from the interview, saying she feared lest Tristan's dearest friend Melot (who shared the Knight's confidence) should betray them to King Mark. But Isolde was certain of Melot's fidelity to his friends and laughed at Brangane's fears. Tristan entered the garden and Brangane retired to the tower above to watch for the hunting party's return. Suddenly the handmaid cried out in alarm. At the same moment Kurwenal, with drawn sword, rushed into the garden, shouting:

"Save yourself, Tristan!"

The King, with Melot at his side, appeared at the far end of the enclosure. Melot pointed in malicious triumph to Tristan and Isolde. It was he who had suspected in the knight's monarch's mind and induced him to return and inspect the court. Mark advanced toward Tristan, and with infinite sadness and dignity rebuked his once beloved knight for his seeming lack of loyalty in thus seeking a secret meeting with the Queen. Melot, overjoyed to carry favor with the King, whipped out his sword and rushed on Tristan. The latter would not defend himself. Melot's weapon pierced his breast and the stricken knight fell back, mortally wounded.

The dying Tristan was conveyed to his own sequestered castle by Kurwenal. The henchman, remembering how Isolde had once before nursed his master back to health, sent for her to come now to her wounded lover's side. This he told Tristan as the knight regained consciousness. Hope of once more seeing Isolde momentarily revived the sick man. He sent Kurwenal in haste to watch for the sight of the ship that should bear the Queen to him. After dreary waiting a sail was seen. Kurwenal bore the glad tidings to Tristan, then ran to the shore to welcome the longed-for visitor.

Tristan, delicious with rapture, sprang from his couch at her approach, tore the bandages from his wound and staggered forward to greet the woman for whom he had lost all that life held dear. Isolde ran to meet him, catching his wasted body in her arms. Thence, with one mighty cry of "Isolde!" he sank to the ground—dead. The Queen fell swooning across his body just as a servant brought news that a second ship had cast anchor off the coast and that King Mark and Melot, with a band of armed men, were mounting toward the castle. Kurwenal, summoning Tristan's followers, hurried himself on the newcomers, striking Melot dead and himself receiving a death wound. But it was not in anger that Mark had come. Too late he had learned of the magic potion, and he had crossed the seas to bring pardon and reparation to Tristan and the unhappy woman.

He had arrived too late. For Isolde, recovering consciousness, lived only long enough to vow eternal love to the dead Tristan before sinking lifeless beside him.

The story of "Hansel and Gretel" will be published Saturday.

## Washington Women's Cigarettes.

By Miss Pepys.

**O**F course, at the large public entertainments cigarette smoking is not indulged in; neither do the men smoke on such occasions, but the custom of passing cigarettes after dinner and the use of the "little southern" after the 5 o'clock tea, in families is just as much an everyday matter with members of the smart set as the habit of indulging in three or more meals a day.

Cigarette cases are part of the equipment of the smart woman's toilet table, and more than one householder has a smoking room conveniently arranged off the main dining salon. Personally, as I have dropped in for an "after-dinner" call, I have had mighty interesting women, whose names are known to the polite world of two continents, say:

"You don't mind my smoking, do you?"

"I've a notion if I had accepted the invitation to 'have over' the inquiry as to my objections would not have been propounded.

Like it or leave it, the custom is here to stay until the ladies, mayhap, weary thereof, at any rate. It seems to make little difference to them, even if some worthy souls do think the beautiful world of larks and leisure is going headlong to the social how-boys.—Special Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## A Joke About Roentgen Rays.

By Dr. Leopold Jaches.

**A** BROAD, as here at home, the public's knowledge of the Roentgen rays continues rather vague. Thus I heard in Berlin, said Dr. Leopold Jaches, of Cornell's medical school, "of a man who wrote to a specialist: 'I have had a bullet in my thorax for eleven years. I am too busy to come to Berlin, but hope you will come down here with your rays, as my case should be worth your while. If you cannot manage to work it on myself, I will send you a letter.' The specialist replied: 'I am sorry that my engagements prevent my coming to see you and that I am out of rays just now. If you cannot come to Berlin, yourself send me your thorax by express and I will do the best I can with it.'"

BOYS SHOULD BE KEPT CLEAN. WE WILL PROVIDE THE SOAP!

WE MUST have a clean CIRCULATION, even if we have to FURNISH OUR OWN SOAP!

After using our circulation soap on Sunday GET the Evening Fudge ON MONDAY.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT: up to date! UP to the times! By special arrangement this space in Monday's Evening Fudge will contain a piece of LEMON PIE.

ALL clean boys are hungry. CUT OUT this space on Monday, place it IN THE OVEN for fifteen minutes, and then it will be found to be A PIECE OF HOT LEMON PIE! HOT STUFF!

## Miss Lonely Sends a Valentine to Mr. Man.

By F. G. Long

